

# The Middletown Transcript

VOL. 49 NO. 22

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 27, 1916

PRICE THREE CENTS

## ST. ANNE'S CHURCH

### Two Millions of Dollars Have Been Pledged for Pension Fund

#### DELIGHTFUL LUNCHEON SERVED

Sunday, May 28th. The Fifth Sunday after Easter (Rogation Sunday). Divine service:—10.30, Morning Prayer & Sermon. 11.45 Sunday School session. 7.30 Evening Prayer and Address. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday are Rogation Days.

#### KALENDAR FOR JUNE

June 1st. Ascension Day. (Holy Thursday).  
June 4th. Sunday after Ascension Day.  
June 11th. Whitsunday.  
June 12th. Whitsun Monday.  
June 13th. Whitsun Tuesday.  
June 14th. Ember Day.  
June 16th. Ember Day.  
June 17th. Ember Day.  
June 18th. Trinity Sunday. Celebration at Old St. Anne's, (211th Anniversary Service).

June 24th. Nativity, St. John, Baptist.  
June 25th. 1st Sunday after Trinity.  
June 29th. St. Peter, Apostle.

#### THE CHURCH PENSION FUND

New York, May 16th. Bishop Wm. Lawrence, of Massachusetts, announced tonight that pledges have been received for Two Million and a half, one half the sum which is being collected to pension clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church at the age of 68.

The Presbyterian church will adequately provide for its ministers too, as is evident from the following:—The Rev. Dr. W. H. Foulkes, of Philadelphia, reported substantial gifts to the Ten Million dollar fund for this purpose. He reported a gift of \$750,000 from one woman who had previously given \$250,000 making a million dollars alone from one person. The Presbyterian plan provides for a maximum pension of \$500 for ministers when they retire at the age of 70, the amount being governed by the number of years the minister has served the church. The Episcopal Church, provides a minimum of \$600 at the age of 68, irrespective of the time a minister has served the Church.

The Junior Auxiliary to the Board of Missions held their annual meeting with St. Anne's Branch, Middletown, on Saturday, May 20th. Delegates were present from St. John's, Trinity, Old Swedes and Calvary, Wilmington, St. Thomas, Newark, St. Peter's, Smyrna, Christ Church, Dover, and St. Anne's, Middletown. Some sixty out-of-town members being present.

The Services were held in the Church, and addresses were made by Rev. T. G. Hill, of Smyrna, Rev. R. W. Trappell, of St. Andrews, and the Rev. A. Edwin Clattenburg, of St. John's, Wilmington, and the Rector of the Parish.

Several letters from missionaries were read. And one letter from the Rev. L. M. A. Haughwout, of Ponce, Porto Rico was especially interesting, and it was decided to send the offering for the day to him for aid in his work in that attractive field. The offering was \$4.12, which later was increased to \$6.00.

The Juniors voted to send greetings to the Bishop of the Diocese, who was unable to be present. He is at his Summer home, "Birchmere", Bryants Pond, Maine, until after Ascension Day.

The officers of last year were re-elected. Mrs. G. C. Hall, President; Vice-presidents, Mrs. Julian Cochran, Mrs. F. M. Kirkus, and Mrs. Prettyman. Miss Lucy Jackson, Secretary and Treasurer.

A delightful luncheon was served in the Parish House to out-of-town delegates and the officers of the local branch. The menu consisted of Salad, sandwiches, cake, coffee and ice cream. The Parish House was tastefully decorated, and, as one delegate remarked, "it looked more like a wedding reception, than anything else."

The Globe Clothing Store Inc., has the best line of shoes and ox-fords, for Men, Women and Children that can be bought for the money.

Do You Know That Life is a constant struggle against death?

Dirty refrigerators may make sickness.

The U. S. Public Health Service issues free bulletins on rural sanitation?

The defective citizen of today is oft-times the unhealthy child of yesterday?

Every man is the architect of his own health?

Is the baby that lives that counts?

Tuberculosis is contagious, preventable, curable?

The full dinner pail—the open window—the clean well—make for health?

Automobile Turns Turtle While Mr. and Mrs. George W. Mathers were returning to their home, near Silver Run Bridge, in an automobile, about noon on Saturday, Mr. Mathers lost control of the steering apparatus of the machine, in going down grade on "Nursery Hill", near town. The car went into a ditch by the roadside and turned over, throwing both occupants of the car to the road. Beyond a few bad cuts by flying glass from the broken windshield, Mr. Mathers escaped injury, but Mrs. Mathers suffered internal injuries. The car, almost new, was demolished.

The Globe Clothing Store Inc., has re-opened its doors with an entire new stock of Men's, Young Men's and Boys up-to-date line of clothing.

Chrysanthemum plants, all colors; Asters, Scarlet Sage and Cosmos, now ready. All spotted plants, good stock.

A. K. HOPKINS, Middletown, Del.

## TOWNSEND

The Fraternal Orders, of Townsend, have decided to attend church the second Sunday in every month.

Children's day will be held in the M. E. Church Sunday next, May 28th, beginning 8 p. m. Preaching at 11 a. m., Sunday School at 10 a. m. Missionary service in the afternoon.

Tuesday, May 30th, at 10 a. m. Memorial service will be held in Townsend M. E. cemetery. The address will be made by Rev. Percy Donaghy, of Middletown. The Patriotic Orders will attend. Automobiles will be at the station to take friends to the cemetery.

P. O. S. of A., Jr. O. U. A. M. and D. of A., (Golden Eagles and Red Men, of town will present a flag and bibles to the High School on Tuesday, May 30, at 2 p. m. The presentation speech of the flag will be made by D. P. Hutchison, the bibles by R. Hodgson. An interesting program rendered by the school, the address by the Rev. George H. Williams, of Smyrna. The school members will hold a festival in the afternoon and evening. An invitation is extended to all.

S. J. Furnis, Great Sachem of Delaware with Great Chiefs, Rogers Ferguson and Whiteford, visited Nohawk Tribe, No. 55, Townsend, Delaware, Thursday evening, May 18th. Brother Furnis in his long walk dwelled on the good work the Improved Red Men were doing in Delaware in caring for the orphans, having 20 that the Improved Order of Red Men are caring for, also the Home the Red Men have in Newark Delaware, for our aged Brothers.

Brother Rogers Ferguson gave the tribe some good advice then there were brothers from Appoquinimink Tribe, No. 24, Seneca Tribe, No. 44, and Shantee tribe. The tribe took in one brother by card and one by initiation, then the Council fire was quenched and the tribe served them with ham sandwiches, milk and coffee, cake and ice-cream, then the usual good old smoke was enjoyed by the Red Men. It was in the small hours of the morning when we left the hall. Nohawk tribe appreciated the Great chiefs and brothers, who paid us the visit. We assure them there is always a welcome awaiting them.

The Globe Clothing Store Inc., is taking orders for tailor-made suits. Every customer receives one or two try-ons before the garment is finished. The material is the best that can be obtained. 1500 styles for selection.

TO INOCULATE SEED

Coating the seed of legumes with inoculated soil before planting is a simple method of insuring soil inoculation at slight cost. County agents in Illinois have found ordinary furniture glue effective in holding particles of inoculated soil to the seeds. This method gives each individual seed some of the particles of inoculated soil which it carries with it when it is planted. The scheme requires but a small amount of inoculated soil and costs but a few cents an acre. The method is described in Farmers' Bulletin 704 of the department.

Dissolve two handfuls of furniture for every gallon of boiling water and allow the solution to cool. Put the seed in a washtub and then sprinkle enough of the solution on the seed to moisten but not to wet it (1 quart per bushel is sufficient) and stir the mixture thoroughly until all the seed are moistened.

Secure the inoculated soil from a place where the same kind of plants as the seed are growing, making sure that the roots have a vigorous development of nodules. Dry the soil in the shade, preferably in the barn or basement, and pulverize it thoroughly into a dust. Scatter this dust over the moistened seed, using from one-half to 1 gallon of dirt for each bushel of seed, mixing thoroughly until the seed no longer stick together. These are then ready to sow.

Entertained Friends

Mrs. E. C. Green entertained a few of her friends at her home, on East Main St., Wednesday afternoon, in honor of her guests, Mrs. William R. Cochran and daughter, Miss Marian Cochran, of Elwyn, Pa., who have been spending some time with her. A delightful time was spent by all. Those present were: Mrs. Charles Derrickson, Mrs. K. W. Vallandigham, Mrs. Julian Cochran, Mrs. John C. Green, Mrs. Julian Foad, Mrs. E. M. Shallcross, Mrs. Rebecca Brady, Mrs. Richard Cochran, Mrs. Nellie Lockwood, Miss Emma Blackiston, Mrs. Edward Reynolds and Miss Olive Lockwood.

Mr. Ringold Richards, of Wilmington, and Mr. Martin Richards, of Kennett Square, Pa., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Richards on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter W. VanSant and children, and Miss Louise Echenhofer, of Philadelphia, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Echenhofer, on Sunday.

Mrs. W. D. Bradford, Mrs. Julian Cochran, Mrs. P. L. Donaghy and Miss Alice Wood, attended the annual meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary which met in Emmanuel Church, Wilmington, on Thursday.

Dr. and Mrs. E. M. Vaughan will leave on Wednesday, May 31st, for Buffalo, Niagara and by steamer to Detroit, Mich., thence to Minneapolis, Minn. Dr. Vaughan will attend the annual meeting of the American Medical Association while in Detroit and will be away until June 18.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kates entertained on Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Baker and son, Franklin, Miss Anna Baker, Miss Sarah Kates, Messrs. Fred and John Bullock and Ernest Grahame, of Wilmington, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Craddock and two children, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Ernest and child, Mrs. Ella Ernest, and Mr. Theodore Craddock, of Philadelphia.

## FRIENDS & VISITORS

### Personal Items About People You See and Know

#### THOSE THAT COME AND GO

Mrs. L. C. Scott was a Wilmington visitor on Thursday.

Mr. James Collins, of Boothwyn, Pa., spent Sunday with his family.

Miss Mary Price, of McDonough, was at her home here over Sunday.

Mr. John Metten, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday at his home here.

Mr. Robert Brynes, of Boothwyn, Pa., spent Sunday with his family.

Mr. J. E. Herman, of Harrisburg, Pa., visited Miss Orah Spry last week.

Mr. Alfred Connelley, of Pennsgrove, N. J., was at his home here over Sunday.

Mrs. J. E. Walls is entertaining her sister, Miss Mary Short, of Georgetown.

Mr. Pearson Emery, of West Chester, Pa., is visiting his uncle, Mr. Fred Brady.

Mrs. J. Wilson Merritt and Miss Jessie Roxabaugh spent Thursday in Wilmington.

Mrs. Bertha McGuire is spending several weeks with relatives and friends in Wilmington.

Mrs. Mary V. Appleton, of Wilmington, has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Emerson.

Mrs. Martin B. Burris entertained Mrs. Vaughan S. Collins, of Wilmington, over Sunday.

Miss Mabel Derrickson, of New York City, is visiting her mother, Mrs. George Derrickson.

Miss Viola Weber spent several days this week with her sister, Mrs. Curtis Millman, at Woodside.

Mrs. V. M. Massey has returned to Wilmington after a visit with her son, S. E. Massey and wife.

Mrs. W. S. Combs has returned from Colonial Beach, Va., and is now visiting her mother at Ellendale.

Miss Reba Lippincott spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Lippincott, near Blackbird.

Miss Elizabeth Hutchin, of Philadelphia, was a recent visitor with her uncle, Rev. W. H. Hutchin.

Miss Cecilia Palmer, of New Castle, spent Sunday with her brother, Mr. William Palmer and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay LaFevre and little daughter, have been guests of his mother, Mrs. Charles Schuman.

Miss Bernice Metten, of Wilmington, was a week-end guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Metten.

Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Davidson and daughter, Ruth, of Atlantic City, N. J., are visiting friends in town.

Mr. George I. Lockwood, of Philadelphia, visited his mother, Mrs. George W. Lockwood, on Sunday.

Mrs. Marcellus Jones, of Wynote, Pa., is spending the week with Mr. J. R. Hoffecker, on South Broad street.

Mrs. Martin Wright, of Cambridge, Md., has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. Liston Dashiell, this week.

Mr. Fennimore Douglas, of Philadelphia, visited his mother, Mrs. Julia Douglas, on Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Jean Metten spent several days this week with her brother, Mr. William F. Metten and family, of Wilmington.

Miss Bertha Jones, Miss Jennie Wood and Mr. William Wood, of Wilmington, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Jones.

Mrs. Kate Rothwell, cashier of Pennsylvania, was the guest of her uncle, Mr. J. Moody Rothwell and daughters last week.

Mr. Joseph Walker, of Wilmington, spent Saturday and Sunday with his family, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Price.

Mrs. Howard A. Pool, Mrs. Charles Derrickson and Miss Helen Shallcross spent part of last week in Wilmington, attending the Federation.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Woodall and children, of Georgetown, Md., spent several days this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George V. Pevelevy.

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## CLERICAL CHANGES

The Rev. J. Gibson Gantt has accepted the Rectorship of Ascension Church, Claymont, and Grace Church, Talleyville. He comes to Delaware after a long and fruitful ministry in the Diocese of Easton, where he was greatly esteemed and beloved.

The Rev. Alban Richey, D. D., has already been instituted as Rector of St. John's Church, Wilmington. He recently resigned, Immanuel Church, New Castle, where he has done an admirable work, and justly deserves his promotion to the larger work in Wilmington.

The Rev. Samuel Steinmetz, of West Arlington, Md., has accepted the Rectorship of Calvary Church, Wilmington, and will assume charge of that parish on June 1st.

The Rev. Wm. H. Laird has resigned the Rectorship of Christ Church, Greenville, to take effect June 30th. He will continue as Rector of Immanuel Church, Wilmington.

The Rev. A. Edwin Clattenburg has terminated his engagement as Assistant to the Rector of Christ Church, and Immanuel Church, Wilmington, and has temporarily accepted the position of Assistant to the Rector of St. John's Church, Wilmington.

## Bethesda Church Notes

9.30 A. M. Brotherhood devotional meeting.

10.30 A. M. Preaching by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Jones.

2.00 P. M. Sunday School session.

7.30 P. M. Evening service, preaching by the pastor.

Rev. J. W. Jones will preach to the following orders next Sunday morning at 10.20 o'clock, Good Samaritan Lodge, No. 9, I. O. O. F.; Damon Lodge, No. 12, Knights of Pythias; Middletown Council, No. 2, Jr. O. U. A. M., and Washington Camp, No. 9, P. O. S. of A.

Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7.30 o'clock.

Class meeting every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

Jr. League Saturday at 3 P. M.

## Forest Church Notes

Sunday, May 28th, 1916.

10.30 A. M. Public worship with sermon.

11.45 A. M. Sunday School session. Men are cordially invited to attend the Men's Bible Class.

1.45 A. M. Sunday School session. Men are cordially invited to attend the Men's Bible Class.

6.45 P. M. Christian Endeavor service. Topic: "How Missions are Blessing the World." Ezekel 47:1-12. Foreign Missionary meeting.

7.30 P. M. Evening service with sermon.

Wednesday evening, 7.30 o'clock, prayer meeting.

## Grange Notes

The Open Meeting of Peach Blossom Grange, Friday night, was a big success. The seating capacity of the Grange Hall was taxed to its limit, and several chairs had to be brought in to accommodate the crowd.

Miss Caudell was the first speaker, and her theme "Women as Spenders" proved interesting and instructive. Her address made a most favorable impression.

Prof. Harry Hayward spoke of the "Problems of the Open Country." His address was well received as he dwelt upon rural life and the solutions of many of its problems.

The Grange has been notified of the Pomona Grange meeting, to be held in Eden Hall, Wilmington, Thursday, June 1st. The next Grange meeting will be Friday night, June 2d, at 8 o'clock. Mr. W. D. Bradford will preside, and the Lecture Hour subject will be "Valuable Farm Grasses".

Meeting of Cow-Testing Association

The Cow-Testing Association of Middletown under the direction of Mr. Carroll, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Dairy Division has issued a call to all members of the Association to attend a meeting, to be held in McWhorter's Hall, on Saturday afternoon, May 27th, at two o'clock.

In view of the wide spread interest in this work, the association has decided to make it a meeting open to the public, and cordially invites all interested to attend. Several speakers will be present to address the meeting, and the association will be glad to welcome a large audience.

## Angry Bull Kills Farmer

John Clague, aged about 50 years, who lived on the farm of J. Ramsey Spear, near Easton, met with a horrible death last Monday night. As he entered his barn door he was met by an infuriated Holstein bull, which knocked him down in the stall and kept butting him until the animal had broken all the bones on the left side of his body. As the bull was being beaten away by another man, who heard Clague's cries for help, it mashed the right side of Clague's face in by stepping on it.

Drs. Seymour and Travers were hastily summoned, placed Clague in Dr. Travers' automobile and started for the Emergency Hospital at Easton, which they reached just as the injured man died. He leaves a widow and four children.

## LOCAL HAPPENINGS

### Many Condensed News Items of the Past Week

#### IN THIS AND NEARBY POINTS

Good looks may catch a man, but it takes good housekeeping to hold him.

Delaware City will make extensive repairs to its local lock-up, and install electric lights.

The death rate of persons under the age of 45 is decreasing; of those over 45 it is increasing.

The "Can and Will Class", of Forest Presbyterian Church, at their bake on Saturday last, cleared about \$25.

Blackbird School will hold their annual picnic in Blackbird Camp-meeting Woods, Saturday afternoon, June 10th.

At a meeting of the Mutual Loan Association last week, Messrs. W. J. Wilson and T. S. Fouracre were elected directors.

Mrs. J. Z. Crossland pleasantly entertained the U. T. C. Sewing Circle, at her home on North Broad street, Wednesday evening.

The full dress dance to have been held June 9, in the assembly room of the new school building, at Townsend, has been postponed until a later date.

The Juniata Paving Co., of Philadelphia, is making repairs to the new penetration street which they constructed for the town on West Main street, last year.

Did you know there are 53 Saturdays and 53 Sundays in this year? Look up your calendar and count up. This is the first time this has happened in 40 years.

All anthracite coal will likely be advanced from 15c to 50c per ton, on account of the new working agreement entered into by the mine owners and operators.

The River & Harbor Co., of Philadelphia, lowest bidders, have been awarded the contract for the three cuts and dredging Smyrna River, and will begin work in about two weeks.

The Carnival Executive Committee of the Citizens Hose Co., of Smyrna, has decided to hold their carnival this year from Monday, August 28, to Saturday, September 2, inclusive.

Clayton's new baseball team, known as the Delaware Division Athletic Association of the P. B. & W. R. R., went to Perryville, Md., Saturday, and defeated the Perryville team by the score of 9 to 3.

Colliding with an automobile at Smyrna, a young man named Conner, living near Blackbird, was thrown from his motorcycle and suffered a compound fracture of one leg, the bone protruding through the flesh.

Mr. Joshua Z. Crossland has purchased of Mr. Fred Brady, the building lot on South Broad street, adjoining the home of Mr. H. A. Pool, and will have erected thereon during the coming summer a modern new residence.

The stewards of the Easton district of the Wilmington Methodist Episcopal Conference, held their annual meeting at Clayton last week and fixed the salary of Rev. W. A. Wise, district superintendent, at \$2,500 for the present conference year.

A strawberry and ice cream festival, under the auspices of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, will be held on the lawn of Bethesda M. E. Church, on Friday evening, June 2d. The society asks for the co-operation of all members and friends.

Unclaimed Letters.—The following list of letters remain unclaimed in the post-office for the week ending May 18th: Mrs. M. E. Price, Mrs. Wesley Reynolds, Mrs. Caroline Starkey, Ernest Brown, Willard Davis, Alonza Davies, Joseph Gould, William Wright.

Rev. J. Dirickson Cummins, son of Postmaster and Mrs. A. Lee Cummins, of Smyrna, who has been an assistant at Holy Trinity, New York City, for several months, has been called to the rectorship of St. Paul's P. E. Church at Centerville, Md. He will take hold Sunday, June 18th.

At the unanimous request of the Board of Education and Faculty of the Smyrna High School, Rev. G. O. Williams, pastor of Ashbury M. E. Church, has been invited to preach the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class this year. President Mitchell of Delaware College will give the Commencement address.

Owing to the contractors on the new school building at Townsend, being unable to complete the new stage and other work on the assembly room, it has been decided to hold the commencement exercises in the M. E. Church. Rehearsals have been started on the special music that the junior choir will sing.

Mr. Clarence P. Weber has accepted a position as clerk in the Citizens National Bank, and entered upon his new duties last week. The Transcript joins Mr. Weber's numerous friends in predicting for him a bright future in his new field of labor.

Miss Sarah E. Kates has been elected stenographer and typewriter at the Citizens National Bank, and will enter upon her new duties on Monday.

## NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

The Middletown Board of Health informs the public that there has been seven cases of smallpox in our town since January. These cases have remained with us only a few hours after the Board received notice, being sent to Farnhurst for treatment, all rooms and houses have been disinfected and a strict quarantine inaugurated. All individuals in quarantine and all contracts so far as the Board could ascertain have been vaccinated.

At this time there is no case of smallpox in our midst excepting the two children of Levi Anderson who have had varioloid, a modified form of smallpox and their vaccination saved them from the Farnhurst treatment. Precautions have been taken to prevent contact and spread of contagion, this house for the second time, has been fumigated and under the law must be quarantined for seventeen days.

The persons in Red-Row under quarantine are well, and no signs of development of the disease, the period of incubation ie. from the time the contagium enters the system until physical symptoms develop is seldom less than eight days or more than fourteen, commonly from ten to twelve days. The Board will feel hopeful that control is possible, if no case develops after May 30th.

Sallie Wright, near Lake street, who developed the disease on Monday was sent early Tuesday morning to Farnhurst, her house has been fumigated and quarantined.

In January when William Clifton developed the disease the State Board of Health ordered the Health Officer of the Middletown board to vaccinate every colored person in Brownstown.

Mr. E. G. Allee, trustee of the poor, on Monday instructed Dr. E. G. Clark, President of the Town Board, to vaccinate all people unable to pay and such work is now in progress.

The Board of Health ask the sympathy and co-operation of the people in eradicating this loathsome disease.

Signed, EDWARD M. VAUGHAN, M. D. Pres. JOSEPH HIGGS, JOSEPH HANSON, Secretary. May 24, 1916.

The Globe Clothing Store Inc., invites the public to inspect its full line of Merchandise. A call to this store will pay you.

## BASE BALL NOTES

Again, the fourth game played this season, the locals on Saturday afternoon at Academy Park, beat the heavy hitting Wilder A. C., of Wilmington, by a hotly contested game, only three hits being made off the local pitcher, Culver, with the result of one lone run, and that by a glaring error in the seventh inning. Culver, who has fanned 36 men in the last two games, was expected to do something out of the ordinary, and, therefore, fanning thirteen Wilder men created no surprise. In the second and eighth innings, every man who faced him struck out. Of the three hits made off him, all singles, not one went beyond the infield. Score:

WILDELE A. C.

A. B. R. H. O. A. E.

Cortez, rf..... 4 0 0 1 0 0

Stewil, ss..... 4 0 0 2 1

Stafford, c..... 4 0 1 11 0 0

Connor, p..... 3 1 0 0 1 0

A. Strawbridge 1b 3 0 1 4 1 0

Ruf, 2b..... 2 0 0 2 2 0

Smith, cf..... 3 0 0 2 1 0

R. Strawbridge, lf 3 0 1 1 1 0

Kee, 3b..... 3 0 0 3 2 1

Total..... 29 1 3 24 10 2

MIDDLETOWN

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## HOME

By

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

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A Story of  
Today and  
of All Days

## SYNOPSIS.

—13—

Alan Wayne is sent away from Red Hill, his home, by his uncle, J. Y., as a moral failure. Clem drinks Alan's health on his birthday. Judge Healy defends Alan in his business with his employers. Alan and Alix, Gerry's wife, start a flirtation. Gerry, as he thinks, sees Alix and Alan eloping, drops everything, and goes to Pernambuco. Alix leaves Alan on the train and goes home. Gerry leaves Pernambuco and goes to Pernambuco. On a canoe trip he meets a native girl. The judge falls to Gerry. A baby is born to Alix. The native girl takes Gerry to the ruined plantation she is mistress of. Gerry marries her. At Maple House, Collingford tells how he met Alan—Ten Per Cent Wayne—building a bridge in Africa. Gerry begins to improve Margarita's plantation and builds an irrigating ditch. A baby comes to Margarita. Collingford meets Alix in the city and finds her changed. Alan meets Alix, J. Y., and Clem, grown to beautiful womanhood, in the city and realizes that he has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Kemp and Gerry become friends. They visit Lieber, and the three exiles are drawn together by a common tie. Lieber tells his story. In South America Alan gets the fever and his foreman sends him to Lieber's. Alan tells Gerry the truth about Alix and Gerry tells him of Margarita and the baby. Alan wonders and is disappointed. A flood carries away Margarita and her baby, despite Gerry's attempt at rescue.

To be exiled 3,000 miles from home is as trying to an American's soul as serving a long term in prison. Consider Gerry's situation. He has lost Margarita and his boy. He longs to go back to Alix and Red Hill, but the shock of recent events have sapped the nerve he needs to make the start for home.

## CHAPTER XXVI

A sharp attack of fever followed Gerry's exposure and immersion. The old woman of the inn knew no medications, but she knew fever. She piled blankets on Gerry and let him sweat it out. On the third day nature, assisted by his magnificent physique, finally routed the attack.

He called the old woman. He asked her if she remembered him. She peered at him. "No, master," she said, "I do not remember you. You are like the foreigner who was drowned, but he is dead."

Gerry shook his head. "Not dead," he said, "only disappeared."

"You are not he," said the old woman. "He could not talk words that one could understand."

Gerry nodded gravely. He felt as though words could never make him smile again. "I have learned," he said. "Now tell me what became of the things I left here?" He went through the list.

The old woman checked off each item and then shrugged her shoulders. She led him to a little dark room whose only light came from the interstices of the tiled roof. As his pupils expanded he began to make out one after another of the bags that had made up his traveling kit.

"There is a letter," she said, and went off to fetch it. Gerry dragged the bags out into the light. They looked were all sealed with the seal of the American consulate at Pernambuco. He started knocking off the brittle wax. The old woman came back with the letter and handed it to him. He tore it open. It was a note from the consul saying that by order of Gerry's wife his things had been sealed and left at the inn, telling him where to find the keys. The room, he learned from the old woman, had been paid for regularly, at first by the month, then by the year. She felt no resentment at his return, only resignation. "You are the only guest I've had since you went away," she said quietly and with a sigh.

"Fear nothing," said Gerry kindly. "You have been faithful. You may consider the room engaged by me for the next ten years."

He carried his bags into the room overlooking the river and then lay down. He was too tired after the fever to open them. He knew that the opening of the letter-covered bags with their rusted metal fittings was going to be another ordeal.

The next day Gerry sat before his unpacked bags. He had turned out all their contents. On the bed, the floor, the table and the chairs was piled such an array of linen and shoes and suits of various cut and weight as he had once deemed the minimum with which a man could decently travel. Now they seemed to him wasteful and futile. The clothes did not carry his mind back as he had expected. The starch in the linen had gone yellow. He had always hated yellow collars.

The suits struck him as belonging to someone else—almost except one. One sturdy suit of tweed had a cut that was different from the others. Of all the clothes it alone seemed to have a personal note—the note he had expected to find in the bags and had shrunk from.

Then he remembered. This suit had been made by his own tailor. He had worn it during a flying visit to Red Hill. He had had it on the day he left New York. He had worn it that morning in Alix' room. Red Hill came back to him, Alix stood before him. Through the suit he saw her room, the shimmering blue of her dressing gown, her crown of half and her thin fingers busy with it. He felt again the nip of the deer air as it had streamed in through the open window.

The worst of the flood was over. Gerry engaged a search party. All day they sought for Margarita and her child. Towards night they found them, the little boy tight clasped in his mother's arms. Gerry laid them tenderly in the canoe and in silence the party crawled back up the river to Pernambuco. No one looked curiously at the burden they carried up through

the main street. Eyes were tired of the familiar sight. The hour of weeping, the allotted tears, were long since spent. They buried them that night. Gerry went back to his room. He sat for a long time looking out on the stony river. Then unconsciously he picked up the old tweed suit and hung it carefully on a chair. The rest of his scattered things he swept unceremoniously upon the floor and threw himself full length on the bed. He was exhausted and slept.

He was up early the next morning. He made the old woman bring water and bathed in his room. "It is wise," she said. "For many days there will be poison in the river." Gerry did not answer. He closed the door and went through his ablutions and toilet with great care. His head had always kept close clipped. Now he shaved it off. The tan of his face looked like a mask above the fresh white of his newly shaved jaws and chin. He picked out the best of his linen and dressed. Lastly, he put on the old tweed suit. It fell naturally to the lines of his body all except the waistband of the trousers. He drew the back strap as close as it would go. Still the trousers were a little loose at the waist. At first he was puzzled, then he understood. He looked at himself in the broken glass with a gorgeous but sadly tarnished frame that hung on the wall. His shoulders seemed to carry the coat better than before. He could hear Jones & Jones say, "A splendid fit, sir. You can't pick it up anywhere."

Gerry turned from the glass with a sigh. He was restless. The heavy tweeds seemed to bind his limbs and chest, but he would not take them off. He sat at the window and watched the little stern-wheeler splash up to the bank. Luckily for her, she had been three days late in starting up the river, else that trip would have been her last. Gerry tried to exert himself to the trouble of packing and getting on board, but he felt listless. Why should he hurry back? Alix had waited, was waiting, but not for him. He had not



"So," said Lieber, "You Escaped?"

waited for her. He must go back and tell her, of course, but what then?

A cavalcade came down the street. At its head was carried a litter and on the litter lay Alan. He had refused to ride in a hammock again. Behind him rode Lieber and Kemp. Gerry drew back from the window and watched them make their way down to the little stern-wheeler. She had brought little freight, there was none for her to take away. By three o'clock she gave a long shriek of warning, and half an hour later she warped out into the river and chugged away down stream. At the last moment Gerry had sent down to Alan a note addressed to Alix.

Lieber turned from watching the boat out of sight. It was bearing Alan away with Kemp installed as nurse as far as the coast. Lieber stumped heavily up the street, leading his horse. From his window Gerry called to him. Lieber took the reins from his arm and handed them to a boy. He climbed to Gerry's room and sat down on the bed. Gerry had never seen him look so tired.

"So," said Lieber, "you escaped." Gerry nodded gravely. Lieber looked at him with dull eyes. "We passed Fazenda Flores. The house still stands. It's on a little island." Gerry nodded again. Lieber shrugged a shoulder impatiently. "Why aren't you up there?" Gerry braced himself and told him. In a dispassionate tone he told him the history of those terrible moments of destruction and death. "I am not there," he finished, "because there is nothing left. Three years—all my life here—have been wiped out. Margarita—she knew from the beginning. From the beginning she hated the ditch. I have been a curse. I have brought ruin." Gerry stared before him. His face was white and drawn.

Lieber shook his head judiciously. "No, it would have been the same, except that without you there would have been nothing to sweep away. Margarita would still be alive. There would have been no boy." He paused. "Somehow," he went on, "I don't believe Margarita would have chosen to have things different. She got her four of extase and died before it was over. I—I don't think we need be sorry for her. Why didn't you go away on the boat?"

Gerry engaged a search party. All day they sought for Margarita and her child. Towards night they found them, the little boy tight clasped in his mother's arms. Gerry laid them tenderly in the canoe and in silence the party crawled back up the river to Pernambuco. No one looked curiously at the burden they carried up through

"I don't know," said Gerry. "I tried to, but I couldn't. I just buried the boy and the boy last night. I couldn't run away like that, as though it were all over. Of course I know it is all over, but when one falls an endless depth in sleep and suddenly wakes in a cold sweat it takes time for the mind to catch its balance. It's that way with me. I've fallen from a height. I've waked to a cold sweat. I must take time to get the balance of life and get it right. You can't hurry over these transitions, because somehow it wouldn't be decent."

Lieber nodded. "You don't feel like riding back with me?" he asked hesitatingly. Gerry shook his head. "No," he said. "I can't do that. I'm just going to sit here and wait for a while and then I'm going home. There's something I've got to straighten out. After that, I don't know. But there's something I wish you'd do for me, Lieber, and that is to look after old Dona Maria and those two old darlings at Fazenda Flores. They won't last long, any of them, and I don't want them to lack for anything. I'll square up with you."

Lieber nodded listlessly. "I'll look out for them."

The next morning early Gerry saw him off. There was a wistful look in the old man's eyes as from the top of the cliff he turned and gazed down the river. "Lieber," said Gerry, "you can count on me to do what I can for you when I get home. Do you understand?"

Lieber flushed. Their eyes met. He took Gerry's outstretched hand and gripped it hard. Then he rode away without a word.

Lieber threw his horse into a rapid rack that was faster than a gallop. It was a killing pace, but he knew the nettle of his mount. Late in the afternoon he came to the confines of his ranch. The broad-saved house in the distance looked very still and deserted. Beyond it loomed the solitary joa tree. Something had happened to the joa tree during the two days he had been away. It had become a beacon. He remembered the giant Bougainvillea vine that covered the tree. The Bougainvillea had bloomed into a tower of mauve flame. It stood out in daring contrast to somber desert and brown-tiled roofs. Its single, defiant and blaring note struck an answering chord in Lieber's heart. He took courage of that brave burst of color, so jarring in a garden, but in a desert a thing of glory. Lieber passed into the loneliness of his deserted house with a firm step.

Gerry spent many days at Piranhas as he had planned in thought. He went over his life in a painstaking retrospection. His mind lingered long on the last three years, their fullness, their even upward trend. Could a man live three such years and lose them? In a ghastly half hour the flood had wiped out the tangible results of three years of labor. But what about the intangible? He had sinned against Alix and against her faith, but had he sinned against himself? He felt infinitely older than the first Gerry Lansing, but would he change this thinking age for his unthinking youth? What if he had learned three years ago that Alix had saved herself and his name? Would it have meant loss or gain to him today? Something within him cried, "Loss! Loss!" but he dared not take courage from the inward cry. He could not know, he reasoned, until he had seen Alix.

Twice, three times, the little stern-wheeler drove her nose into the mud bank at Piranhas, called her horse warning and departed. From some distant cliff Gerry saw her come and go, or miles away, walking himself tired across the desert, heard her throaty siren cry and did not heed it.

## Chapter XXVII

It was with some misgivings that Kemp left Alan at the coast. Alan was still very weak. Kemp stood, more incongruous than ever, against the rail of the little coaster bound for Pernambuco and eyed Alan, whom he had made comfortable in a camp bed on the deck.

"It seems to me, Mr. Wayne," he said, "that there might be business waiting for me at Pernambuco that I don't know nothing about. I've got a hunch I'd best go along of you and see."

Alan smiled. "I know what your hunch is, Kemp, and it's a wrong one. I'm all right. Weak, but I'll make it. Don't worry."

Kemp was standing in angles. His hands were thrust in his trousers pockets, but even so his elbows were crooked. One was raised on a rail. He was restless as usual. His unbuttoned vest stuck out behind. His Stetson hat was pulled well down over his eyes. His eyes had taken on the far-away and slightly luminous look that always came into them when he was about to speak from the heart.

"Mr. Wayne," he said, "I've told you some things about Lieber an' you've seen more. You know how he stands. Lieber's livin' in hell, like a rich greaser in the Bible with his tongue stuck out beggin' for one drop of water, only Lieber ain't got his tongue stuck out—he's bitin' it."

Kemp paused and Alan nodded. "I was thinkin'," Kemp continued, "that perhaps you'n Mr. Lansing, with yo' folks he'pin', might chuck him that drop o' water when you got back to heaven, meanin' 'Noo Yawk.' Kemp brought his eyes slowly around and rested them on Alan.

"Kemp," said Alan, "don't you worry. If J. Y. Wayne & Co. haven't gone

to smash or the world otherwise come to an end, you can be sure Lieber will get his water in a full bucket."

Kemp nodded and with a "S'long and good luck," disappeared down the gangway.

At Pernambuco Alan found an accumulation of mail awaiting him and a liner bound for home. The liner was too big to get into the little harbor behind the reef. She rode the swell a mile out from shore.

Alan lost no time in making his transfer. From the tender he was winched up to the deck in a passenger basket. As he left the wicker coop he smiled at himself in disgust. Ten Percent Wayne had often jumped for a gangway from the top of a flying sea; never before had he gone on board as cargo. But the smile suddenly left his face. He reeled and put out one hand toward a rail. Somebody caught his arm and led him to a long chair. He sank into it and shivered.

It was a girl that had helped him. As soon as she saw he was not going to faint she left him, to come back presently with the doctor and a room steward. They took charge of him. Day after day Alan lay in his cabin. Listless, before he thought of his batch of letters. They were still in the pocket of his coat. He asked the steward



"Well, is That All You Have to Say?"

and to hand them to him, looked through them, picked out one and laid the rest aside. The one he picked out was Clem's.

With his own peculiar wisdom Clem had written not about him or herself, but about Red Hill. Alan read and then dropped the letter to his lap. His hands felt clenched at his sides. His eyes, grown large, stared out down the long vista of the mind. Walls faded away and the sounds of a great ship at sea were suddenly dumb. To his ears came instead the caroling of birds in evening song after rain, to his eyes a vision of Red Hill dripping light from its myriad leaves and to his heart the protecting, brooding shelter of Maple House—of home.

It cleanses a man's soul to have been at death's door. Sickness, more than love, leads a man up. Alan was feeling cleansed—like a little child—so it seemed a quite natural thing that the girl who had taken charge of him on his arrival on board should knock at his door and then walk in. She drew up a camp-stool and sat down beside him.

She was very small and very young, not in years but with what Alan termed to himself acquired youth. Her nearsighted eyes peered out through big glasses. They seemed to see only when they made a special effort, and yet they seemed to give out light.

"You are better?" she asked, and smiled.

Alan caught his breath at that smile. "Yes," he said, "I am much better to-day. I have had a letter from home."

"You must get up now and come on up deck," said the girl. "I'll wait for you outside." Her voice had a peculiar modulation. It attracted and soothed the ear.

Alan frowned and then smiled. "All right," he said, "wait for me." He dressed laboriously. His hands seemed weighted.

On deck she had his chair ready for him beside her own. She tucked his rug about him and then sat down. "Don't talk away, unless you want to," she said. "Silent people are best."

"Why?" asked Alan.

"They are springs. Their souls bubble."

"And the people that chatter?" asked Alan.

"They are geysers," said the girl, and smiled.

Alan was entertained—almost amused. "What do you do when a geyser spouts?" he asked.

"What do you do?" replied the girl. "I run."

"I'm afraid I haven't run—always," said Alan. "I generally try to clap a tin hat on them."

"You must be strong to do that. I'm not very strong."

Alan glanced over her frail body.

"What are you?" he asked.

"I'm a missionary. At least, I was a missionary. I've had to give it up. One needs so much to be a missionary."

"I never thought of it that way."

said Alan. "I always thought that it was the people that were unfit for almost anything else that turned to missionarying as a last resort."

"Oh, no!" said the girl, sitting up very straight in her chair and fixing her eyes on his face. "How wrong you are! Missionarying, as you call it, is just another name for giving, and how can one give a great deal unless one has a great deal to give—strength and youth and vitality?"

"And you have given all?" asked Alan.

"The girls eyes filled.

"No, you haven't given all," went on Alan quickly. "You are still giving. I must not borrow your last mite. But—your voice is like a nurse's hand."

When Alan went to bed he could not

sleep. For a while the little missionary girl held his thoughts. He was filled with wonder, not at her, but at himself. For once in his life he had not been dippant before grave things.

From the girl his thoughts turned to Alix. He could have cabled to her about Gerry from Pernambuco, but he had not done so. The note that he was carrying for Gerry was light—only a half-sheet, probably. The lightness of it told Alan that the things Gerry had to say to his wife could not be put on paper. Alan had almost cabled. Now he was glad he had not done so. "Alix," he said to himself, "isn't waiting, she's trusting. A cable would have lengthened waiting by a month."

Then, without volition, his mind wandered from Alix and raced ahead to the goal of his journey. What was the goal of his journey? Whether was he bound? He reached for Clem's letter and held it in folded hands. He had no need to read it again. The words were nothing; the picture was all. It stretched before his mind, a living canvas.

Once when Alan was wandering with an Englishman in the hills above Granada, a faint odor had brought them to a sudden halt. It was the Englishman who made the surprising discovery first. "Blackberries, by Jove!" he had exclaimed. "Good old blackberries." And then they two had stood together, yet half a world apart, and stared at the berry-laden bush. What vision of a tangled, high-walled garden burst upon the Englishman Alan never knew, but to himself had come a memory of East mountain in autumn, so clear, so poignant, that it had brought his throbbing heart into his throat.

It was so now with Clem's letter. The words were but a hurried dabble, but they touched his eyes with a magic wand. The dabb became a scene, a picture, a world—his world.

Red Hill was spread out before him, a texture where the threads and colors of life were blended into a carpet soft but enduring. Men walked and little children played on it. Alan closed his eyes and sighed. What had he been doing with life? Making sackings? Sacking was commercial. It paid in cash. It was the national industry. But what could one do with sacking on Red Hill?

Then, almost suddenly, the full spirit of Clem's letter seized him. One did not take gifts to Red Hill. To every one of its children Red Hill was the source of all gifts—the source of life. On that thought he slept.

When he was back once more in his rooms, before Switson had had time to open a bag, Alan re-directed Gerry's note to Alix to Red Hill and sent Switson out to post it. He did not try to temper the shock of the note with a covering letter. He was too weak and tired. Besides, he felt that the note carried its own antidote to joy.

The next morning a message came by hand to Alan's rooms. Alix had come to town and wished to see him at once. Would he please come around? He replied that he was too ill. Half an hour later Switson answered a ring at the door and Alix slipped quickly past him into Alan's sitting room. There was a flush of anger in her cheeks, but Alan was pleased to see no trace of tears in her eyes. A woman's crying always touched him on the raw and seldom awakened his pity.

At sight of him Alix forgot her concern for herself. "Why, Alan," she cried, "what is the matter?"

Alan laughed. There was a pleasant note in his laugh she had never heard before. "I'm all right, Alix. Don't make any mistake. I'm a resurrection in the bud. Doing fine. I don't have to ask how you are. You're well. You're looking just as well as a little slip like you can ever look. Sit down, do."

Alix thoughts went back to herself and immediately the flame burned again in her cheeks. She pulled Gerry's crumpled note from her glove and asked it open on the table before Alan. He read the two or three lines in which Gerry told her he would arrive shortly. The brief note was intentionally colorless. "Well?" he asked.

Alix turned flashing eyes on him. "Well? Is that all you have to say? Alan, it is not well. I've come here because you must tell me—somebody must tell me—now—all the things that that note hides behind its wonderfully blank, weakened, little, hypocritical face."

Alan frowned and then smiled. "All right," he said, "wait for me." He dressed laboriously. His hands seemed weighted.

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INTERNATIONAL  
SUNDAY SCHOOL  
LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)  
(Copyright, 1916, Western Newspaper Union.)

## LESSON FOR MAY 28

## THE COUNCIL AT JERUSALEM.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 15:1-35.  
GOLDEN TEXT—For freedom did Christ set us free—Gal. 5:1.

The events of this lesson are outstanding in Christian history. Paul's appeal to the Gentiles and the large number of them who accepted the Gospel made most acute the question, "Must Gentile believers become Jewish proselytes upon accepting the Christian faith and be governed by Jewish law and customs?" It would be exceedingly interesting to divide a class and let them debate this controversy stated as follows: "Resolved, That the Mosaic law should not have been imposed upon Gentile Christians." The date of this council was A. D. 50 or 51, and the scene is laid first in Antioch of Syria and then in Jerusalem.

I. A Division of Opinion (vv. 1-6). Luke does not name those who agitated and precipitated this controversy, but clearly indicates how the Holy Spirit dealt with the situation. "Is a man justified by faith, or by the works of the law?" is a similar question with modern application. The Holy Spirit, to avoid a rupture in the yet weak church, directs that Paul, Barnabas, Titus (Gal. 2:1) and "certain others" who are not named, should carry the question to the apostles and elders in Jerusalem. Those to whom they went were "of reputation" (Gal. 2:2), the "pillars" Gal. 2:9) and they received the delegation from Antioch in public (15:4), also heard Paul in private (Gal. 2:2).

II. The Argument (vv. 6-18). It will not do to be harsh in condemning Paul's accusers. The Pharisees felt deeply their position. As God's chosen people they were marked by circumcision. Jesus, the promised Messiah, was a Jew. Social, religious, and racial differences are hard to reconcile in one church today. But little was asked of the Gentiles in contrast with all they received. Entrance to church membership would not be too easy if circumcision were imposed as a test of their sincerity. Peter brought forward the plea before the council that God had given the Holy Spirit to the uncircumcised Christians "and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith" (vv. 8, 9). God bears the same witness today to those who refuse to be bound by Mosaic traditions as regards the seventh day and other such details. Paul's argument was that God had wrought signs and wonders among the Gentiles and thus set his seal upon his preaching of salvation as apart from legalistic works (v. 12). Read in this connection Gal. 2:16; Titus 3:20, 8:3, 10:4, and Phil. 3:9. The apostle James presented the third argument in connection with the verdict he pronounced. It was that it is according to Old Testament Scripture that God will take a people for his name from among the uncircumcised Gentiles as well as from among the law-keeping Jews (vs. 13-17).

With Paul this was a vital question, and we can at least imagine his feelings as he puts forth a life-and-death struggle for the truth. As Peter reminded the people of the occasion when "the Holy Spirit came upon Cornelius and his household" he caused them to keep silence.



## The Middletown Transcript

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING  
—BY—  
Middletown, New Castle County, Delaware

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(INCORPORATED)

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MIDDLETOWN, DEL., MAY 27 1916

### SMALLPOX CONTROLLED

IN some unknown manner an outside smallpox case brought the disease to Middletown and a few colored persons have been attacked.

To avert the possibility of a widespread of this fearfully contagious and loathsome disease our local Board of Health wisely took stringent measures, which we are sure all good citizens heartily approve. Thanks to this prompt action there will probably be no more cases and in a few days the town will be wholly free from any such peril.

### AMERICA—THE ISSUE

GLADLY would the Democracy see the Republican party assume the wrong issue in the coming presidential campaign, the issue upon which the people regardless of strict party lines have already set the seal of their condemnation—namely a high tariff.

The tariff does indeed need a rational reformation to replace the unskillful Underwood attempt; but while this question is one of the minor issues, it is not the main issue upon which the campaign will be fought.

With a faulty born of the Bourbonism that never forgets, never learns, the reactionary standpat minority of the party, are chiming in with the cunning Democracy, that the tariff is the issue, hoping once more to fool the people with a high tariff framed in the interests of Big Business.

Fortunately for the country whose honor, aye, whose independence is threatened both at home and abroad, the Republican party is going to make the vastly greater and more important questions of the Nation's safety, "preparedness", and Americanism, the chief issues.

Nor is it strange that the Democratic party has no desire to get the verdict of the country upon these vital questions on bunglingly handled by their president, his cabinet, and their Congress in three years of Mexican folly and fifteen months of German shame. They would much prefer to see the Taft-Penrose-Barnes crowd once more smash the Republican party on this false issue of an intolerably high tariff.

The burning issue before the American people at this moment is whether, unmolested by foreign assaults, or by domestic intrigue, we may be free to carry on our form of government as the fathers established it. In no small sense, we may say there is need now of a second Declaration of Independence, backed up by force of arms as the fathers of our Republic backed up theirs.

For the first time in our history, one of the foreign elements, fleeing foreign tyranny, and hospitably welcomed to our shores is proving a peril. With boundless impudence the German Kaiser has attempted thru his agents here, native and foreign, to terrorize with torch and bomb the industries of our country.

These so-called "German-Americans" encouraged by the cowardly weakness of this administration, have dared to subordinate our government to the Kaiser's. Not only have they by secret and criminal means sought to interfere in our domestic affairs, but they have had the insolence to threaten thru their German societies to use their thousands of votes in a way to hamper the free exercise by the Republic of its lawful functions of self-government!

A wide-spread system of foreign intrigue and espionage with the lavish use of money, has been set on foot here by Germany, aided by her ambassadors and consuls, like Dumba, Bernstorff, Fay, Boy—Ed and others.

Moreover, amazing as the folly may seem, this un-American administration, thru its highest law official—now Secretary of State—Lansing, has officially declared that the son of a naturalized citizen, the born in this country, owes an equal allegiance to the ruler of the country of his father's birth!

This monstrous doctrine which overturns the Constitution of the United States, article XIV, which declares "All persons born, or naturalized, in the United States, are citizens of the United States", was announced some months ago by Mr. Lansing when he refused a passport to an American citizen, born of a naturalized father, in Louisiana, who wished to go on business to France, his father's native country.

So what with hyphenated treason and Democratic cowardice and denial of American rights, it is high time this country was asserting in unmistakable terms both those rights and a determination if need be, to fight for their maintenance.

## STATE AND PENINSULA

L. A. Beating has been appointed assistant professor of mathematics mechanical engineering at Delaware College.

The public schools of Caroline county will close Friday, June 9th, with High School commencements the following week.

Special officers have been stationed on the State road leading from Elkton to Chestertown to stop automobile speeding.

The Milford Chronicle last week presented the name of John W. Herring, of North Milford as a candidate for Governor.

In the campaign to secure \$30,000 for a new parish building for St. Andrew's Church, in Wilmington, \$4475.56 has been secured.

The annual Northern convocation of the diocese of Easton convened in Elkton, Tuesday night.

Tacks scattered along the Philadelphia turnpike, near Claymont, on Sunday, brought nearly 50 automobiles to grief through punctured tires.

The Adams Express Co., will run ice refrigerator cars for fruit this year in competition with the Armour Co., which has had the field to itself.

The season at the Government fish-matching station at the mouth of the Susquehanna came to a close Monday, after hatching 9,000,000 shad fry.

A silver medal contest under the auspices of the L. T. L. of Dover, in the assembly-room of the high school, was won by Elizabeth Holt, 6-year-old daughter of George Holt.

The Governor is advertising that it will receive propositions up to May 29 for suitable premises for the Elkton postoffice, under a lease for five or ten years from October 1, 1916.

Dredging of the channel of Elk River at Elkton, preparatory to starting a steamboat line between Elkton and Baltimore, was started Monday by the Philadelphia & Baltimore Steamboat Co.

Out of 149 applicants for the U. S. Marine Corps examined last week, nearly half were found to have rapid pulse, shortness of breath and other symptoms due to excessive cigarette smoking.

Laurel-Bethel Camp, the longest on the Peninsula, will open August 4, and close August 28. Rev. Tilghman Smith will be in charge. Jack Cardiff, the preaching pugilist, and his party will be the evangelists.

June 27, 28 and 29 have been selected as the dates for the forty-ninth annual Maryland Teachers' Association to be held at Ocean City, Md. Governor Harrington and United States Senator, John Walter Smith will deliver addresses.

The Union Signal gives a list of 57 dry cities having a population of more than 30,000. The three largest—Seattle, Washington, 330,834; Portland, Ore., 272,833; and Denver, Colo., 250,000, each of which is proving that prohibition can be enforced in big cities. An interesting sidelight is the fact that Washington, Oregon and Colorado are all woman suffrage States.

A new form of insurance has been introduced in Delaware since the beginning of the European War. It covers manufacturing plants and other property and protects against damage by bombs. Insurance is not being put on ammunition plants generally, it is said, but on collateral industries, where the risk is less. It is reported that the plant of the New Castle Construction Co., at New Castle, has been insured for \$1,000,000 and the premium amounts to \$20,000 per annum.

A committee of the Grand Lodge, of Delaware, A. F. & A. M., is preparing a Masonic map of Delaware, showing the territorial jurisdictions of each of the several lodges. The committee consists of Grand Master Walter W. Bacon, Deputy Grand Master Stewart J. Horn, Past Grand Masters, Henry I. Beers, Edward G. Walls, William E. Valliant and Thomas J. Day, and Past Master, Joseph C. Jolls. A meeting of the committee was held in Wilmington, when the members were entertained at dinner at Hanna's cafe by the Grand Master.

Lavinia's Camp, near Milton, will begin on August 6th, and continue ten days.

Electric railways of the United States represent a valuation of \$730,000,000.

Bridgeville New Century Club raised \$138 for its new clubhouse by an entertainment.

A perfect stone Indian ax was ploughed up on the farm of John Hearn, near Laurel.

C. Sidney Jump has just completed his fortieth year as crier of the Circuit Court at Centreville.

The Good Will Fire Co., at New Castle, opened a carnival on Friday evening with a street parade.

At a dollar social in Georgetown Protestant Church \$253.43 was raised toward liquidating the church debt.

Magistrate Theodore Francis, of Wilmington, has announced himself for Sheriff of New Castle county.

Otho Nowland has been elected president of the Equitable Guarantee and Trust Company in Wilmington.

The uniforms for the new militia company at Georgetown have arrived and an effort is now being made to enlist 65 men.

The third anniversary of the Baraca class of Nazareth M. E. Church was observed in New Castle, with 150 men in attendance.

Harry F. Allen, aged 20, is under arrest in Wilmington, for the alleged embezzlement of \$90 from the Adams Express Company.

Prof. Leon A. Davis, formerly Supt. of Sussex County Schools, died last week in Louisiana. A widow and two children survive him.

The Harrington Driving Association has arranged for some fast races on Decoration Day. Four fast races will be pulled off, starting at 1 o'clock.

Gorman W. Rose, wanted at Dover on a charge of deserting his wife and child, was located at his former home, Wyoming, by State Detective, F. B. Murphy.

While Lawrence Hayes was sawing wood near Greenwood with a portable saw, he lost his footing and fell with one arm across it, the arm being cut into the bone.

A Wilmington citizen having provided the necessary funds, public band concerts will be given nightly during the summer in the various parks and playgrounds about the city.

Ezekiel Cooper, cashier of the Farmers' Bank, of Wilmington, is mentioned in connection with the Democratic nomination for governor. He is a native of Kent county.

There were fifteen hundred deaths from cancer in Philadelphia during the year 1915, and in the United States last year the number of deaths from that disease totaled eighty thousand.

James E. Hudson, of Milford, the contractor who was awarded the contract for building Norton's bridge at Norton's mill near Bridgeville, at a cost of \$2,029.00 has given bond for the construction of same through the United States Fidelity & Guaranty Co., of Baltimore, Md. Howard J. Cooke, Esq., is the agent for the Company.

Trapped through a letter he had sent to his 15-year-old bride of less than a year, James E. Neilson, aged 40, of Wilmington, was arrested in Baltimore Monday night and Tuesday was brought to that city to answer a charge of having embezzled \$637 he is said to have collected for the Toledo Scales Company, by which concern he had been employed for a number of years.

The program for Delaware College commencement, June 11 to 14, has been completed by a special committee and approved by the faculty. It will be more elaborate than usual this year, because the cornerstone of the new Science Hall, to cost \$225,000, and known as "Wolf Hall," will be laid that week. There will be about 30 graduates. The program committee is H. Rodney Sharpe, chairman; Thomas Davis, president of the Alumni Association; Dr. W. Owen Sypherd and Egmont Horn.

## Practical Economy

Baking powders made from alum or phosphate may be bought for a trifle less than Royal Baking Powder, which is made from cream of tartar, derived from grapes.

Alum powders are not only cheap, but they differ greatly in leavening power.

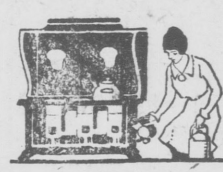
If a cheap baking powder is used for a fine cake and the cake turns out a failure there is a waste of costly materials worth more than a whole can of the cheap baking powder.

Royal Baking Powder produces the finest food, and its use therefore, results in an actual saving.

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It's not a woman's job, but it's part and parcel of a coal range just as much as getting up before the folks to fix the fire for breakfast. It's unnecessary, a hardship, a waste of energy, health, time and money.

For you can get a New Perfection Oil Cook Stove at your dealer's that will do everything that a coal range does, and do it better, cheaper and quicker.

A Perfection burns kerosene. And kerosene is ever so much cheaper than coal and wood. And it consumes fuel only when actually in use.

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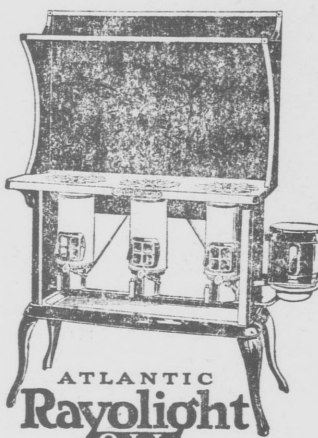
oven, complete control of heat, etc. Don't think of burning anything in a Perfection but Atlantic Rayolight Oil, for it is the one kerosene you can be sure of—that you can buy by name, knowing that every gallon will burn down to the last drop without a bit of smoke, without a bit of smell and without charring the wicks.

Ask for Atlantic Rayolight Oil by name, just as you get most other things the grocer sells. Then you can be sure that out of every gallon of kerosene you buy, you will get the greatest possible amount of heat.

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Buy it from the dealer who displays this sign:

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THE ATLANTIC REFINING CO.

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FOR SALE—Wagons and Dearborns. J. C. GREEN.

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Colts and Cattle to Pasture. Pasture now ready. ROBERT S. CARPENTER, Port Penn, Del.

FOR SALE.—One Miller organ in good condition. Apply to P. O. Box 295.

Choice Northern grown Early Rose Irish Cobblers and Green Mountain seed potatoes at Evans' Feed Store.

FOR SALE.—Fertilizer stored in warehouse for quick delivery. Seed Oats and Maine Grown Feed Potatoes. JESSE L. SHEPHERD.

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Are agents for the Haas Tailoring Co., of Baltimore. Suit Made to Measure. Fit guaranteed. W. N. DONOVAN.

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Men's Suits well pressed and sponged, 50c; cleaned and pressed, 75c; French scoured, \$1.50; Men's Palm Beach Suits French scoured \$1.25; White Flannel Trousers, 75c; Ladies' Suits pressed and sponged, 75c; French Scoured, \$2.50; Ladies' White Sport Coats French scoured, \$2.00. All my work is guaranteed to give my patrons perfect satisfaction and will be promptly attended to.

M. BERG, Merchant Tailor  
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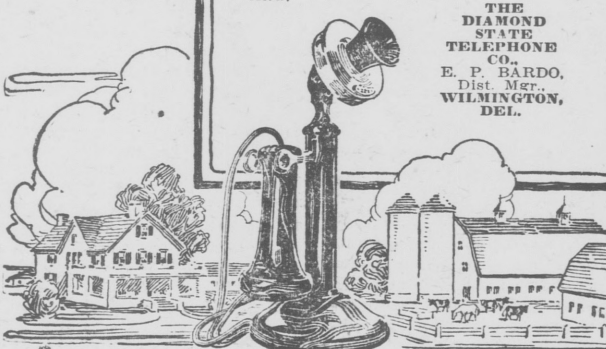
## Farm life has changed with the coming of the Bell Telephone

In father's time, every trip to town meant a half-day lost; stores and neighbors were miles away, and the evenings were long and lonely.

To-day, the stores and neighbors are no further than the Bell Telephone in your hall; every evening brings the voice of someone who has news to tell or an idea to swap on farming or on housekeeping. A call to town tells you how prices are running. You buy when they're down, you sell when they're up; and that's just as important as raising bumper crops.

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\$1.25 to \$1.50 PER DAY \$7.00 and \$8.00 PER WEEK  
American plan. Lighted throughout by electricity. Hot and cold water baths. Ask some one in your town about us who has stopped here. Write for booklet.  
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EACH DESIGN IS PRETTIER THAN THE LAST ONE



It only remains with you to decide the colors you want. Our carpets and rugs are famous for their beauty, because we buy only the richest patterns, and also take the greatest care to keep in stock only those goods that have proven their durability. Come in and see them. You are bound to be pleased.

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Doors and windows screened in summer. Bathing allowed from the hotel. Why not hit the trail and come and spend the Lenten season with us. Write for booklet to get terms. 17th season. Yours Respectfully,  
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OF NEW CASTLE COUNTY

—1916—

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(Office of the late Dr. Stites)



# Salome

## The Tender Hearted

A TRUE STORY OF THE  
GETTYSBURG BATTLE  
FOR MEMORIAL DAY



SINCE the Confederate troops had occupied the town of Gettysburg all the residents stayed within doors, the children now and then slipping to windows in their curiosity to see the "rebels," as those monsters of distorted imagination went clattering through on their horses or stopped to rest in the shade of the trees which lined the streets. Salome Myers was working with her mother in the sitting room preparing the midday meal. Mrs. Myers was not one to wail and weep at the approach of armed men. She proceeded calmly about her routine housework without walling.

For a time Salome wound the strips of linen and cotton as rapidly as did her mother, and gave no more thought to the outside noises than did the older woman; but at length the girl heard a louder noise than usual. It was the tramp of a body of infantrymen coming up the street. She was only human, and ran to the front window and threw it up. A large squad of Confederates were bringing some Federal prisoners into town.

There were signs of increasing excitement among the Confederates. Orderlies went clattering up and down the street, and men were cleaning rifles in anticipation of immediate conflict. Nothing happened that night. Salome slept little. All night long the military shouts were ringing, sharp orders and sudden challenges echoed through the streets.

In the morning she darted to the window. There was not a sign of the Confederates. They had gone. A little after breakfast another rumble and clatter was heard. All dashed to the windows, peered out, then tore into the street yelling like mad. It was the Union men, galloping in. They poured past in seemingly inexhaustible numbers. The villagers, free to mingle once more, ran about excitedly. Salome soon found her place among the girls of her own age, who were as thrilled and awed as she.

Suddenly the cry ran around: "Buford's cavalry is coming. They've ridden all the way from Virginia without a stop," and a cheer of welcome followed the news over the town.

When they had passed an orderly dashed through the town calling upon all the villagers to go to their cellars. The battle was about to begin. As they were filing into their houses the first guns roared out, and gradually grew in number and volume until the windows clattered steadily in their casements. All day they crouched in the cellar. Now and then a bullet would strike the buildings, and sometimes the glass from a breaking window would tinkle so that they could hear it from the recesses of their retreats. Troops went rushing by, sometimes silently, sometimes with loud hurrahs.

Late in the afternoon Doctor Fulton came to the head of the stairs and called down. He asked if there were any women below who could help care for the wounded. Mrs. Myers replied that of course there were, and started up the stairs. Salome would have followed, but her father halted his wife and tried to persuade her of the danger. But the good woman was determined, and consequently they all went up. The Catholic church close by had been turned into a hospital.

The girl darted out of the house and across the lawn. At the church door she halted. She did not dare look inside. Horrible groans, shrieks and cries were echoing in the interior. A couple of men brushed past her with one of the stretchers between them. She glanced down. A face covered with blood was all she saw. A weakness gripped her heart and she staggered to one side. Someone inside was cursing with persistent blasphemy. Somehow the vigor and naturalness of the act brought back her self-possession, and she marched inside. The floor was covered with blood. Men with legs or arms gone were rolling and tumbling over still, silent figures. Others were screaming and clutching at their mangled bodies in helpless and maddening suffering. A sickening odor sent the girl's head reeling again. At her feet a man lay watching her with dull bleared eyes. She dropped on one knee and tried to speak to him. She had no voice. Her hand trembled and she started violently as she touched him. Finally she stammered, "What can I do for you?"

"Nothing," he murmured slowly. "I'm going to die," and he smiled feebly. It was too much. She fled to the church steps, quivering and sobbing in long gasps.

It was near sundown and the end of a horrible day. The babel grew worse and worse. Doctors as bloody as any of the wounded men hurried here and there. Nurses ran in and out bearing bandages and buckets of water. Slowly Salome rose to her feet. She would go back in, she could bear it now she thought, and acting on the impulse, inspired by she knew not what, she scurried back into the shambles. She avoided glancing at the room, but knelt at the head of the man to whom she had first spoken. He was brighter and smiled when she raised his head for a draft of water. She opened his clothing and found a wound in his breast. She bathed it gently. A doctor passing told her that the man had been shot through the lung and that his spine was shattered. There was no hope. She looked down at the doomed man with great eyes. He was tugging at his belt and pulled out a pocket Bible.

Slowly he told her of the verse his father had read to both him and his brother when they had left for the front. She turned to the place and read it, all the while bathing his flushed forehead. He seemed relieved and talked much of his father and brother. Then he looked up at her and spoke in a strange, strained voice as though something almost too sacred for mention were being talked of. "Girl, you know—I can't—why, I'm married just two days, and she'll never see me. Oh," he groaned and shut his eyes.

She found, from the doctor, that no wounded man could be removed from the hospital. However, she urged so affecting for the privileges of bearing the young soldier into her father's home that he consented, and sent two attendants to carry him over.

On the spare bed he was placed and his bloody clothing removed. Between the cool, clean sheets he breathed easier and seemed by contrast to be in veritable comfort.

Once as Salome sat by the bedside of her first patient she learned his name was Alexander Stewart. Stewart, while she leaned across fanning steadily, told in long, dragging breaths of his brother, Henry, and he had been inseparable all their lives and had gone off together. Henry was the finest man God had ever made, and he had hoped they might be together when they came to separate for the last time, but his head sank and Salome said nothing. There was nothing for her to say. She ran out, got a pencil and paper and wrote to Henry in Washington, then to the timid bride back at home, and to the father and mother. When she had finished Stewart was asleep.

Salome returned to the hospital and labored on. The second day of Gettysburg was beginning to send in its terrible toll, and there was more and more work to be done.

Her own home was crowded, and her mother, still calm and wonderfully skillful, cooked and prepared necessities and delicacies with magic celerity.

She scarcely knew when the three days' fight was over, so intent was she upon caring for her patients, and so steadily did they come in. As many as they could find room for were brought into the Myers home. Fourteen were provided for. For weeks the house was full, and neither woman slept in a bed.

On the sixth of July young Stewart died. Salome was with him to the last, for he had been her first patient, and she had held his head tight against her when he had talked of his young bride. But she had no time to weep. A man in the next room was calling for water, and she had merely time to close the dead man's eyes and fold his hands across his chest. But that night she wrote long letters to the young widow and to the brother in Washington. In a few days the father came to claim the body, and he thanked the girl as well as his grief would per-

mit. Henry, he said, had been wounded in Washington, but was recovering. Letters from the grief-stricken girl and boy came within the following week to Salome, and were so warm and affectionate that she responded immediately, but first to Washington. Return letters from the brother came steadily and were as steadily answered.

Even when Camp Letterman opened and a hospital of sufficient size to care for all of the human debris which Gettysburg left had taken all the invalids from the private homes, Salome did not give up the work. She followed her soldiers over to their new quarters and nursed them there.

With the advent of winter the nursing was completed and Salome at last freed from the exacting duties of her new occupation. Her correspondence was still very large. Many of the men whom she had cared for in the home and who had heard of her wrote often. Henry Stewart from the front maintained a continuous chain of letters. These Salome for some reason answered first and bent over the longest. He was out on furlough in July if all went well, he wrote in the early spring, and his sister-in-law was coming with him to see the woman who had made their loved one happy in his last moments. If they might, and so it happened.

They came early in the morning almost a year to the day from the Gettysburg conflict. They came straight to the house, for Salome had written exact directions. Henry was much like his brother, and for a moment Salome was touched. She spoke not. The hair and forehead of the man before her was the same as that of the dead man; the lips had the same curve as those which had told the pathetic love story that night close to her cheek. All three were too moved to speak, and for a time there was a fearful silence between them. Then the little widow went to the great-hearted embrace of the nurse and Henry came near to following her, but held the firm, warm hand instead.

Salome took them over the battlefield, the church and scenes sacred to Alexander's memory, and swayed them so completely by her brave, womanly sympathy and strength that they clung to her in their grief like children to their mother's skirts.

The widow did not let her sorrow so completely dominate her but that she saw things that led her to find various excuses for staying away, when a walk or expedition was mentioned. She managed to leave the two, Henry and Salome, more and more alone.

When they plighted their troth it is not for the world to know, but the beautiful romance came to fruition in marriage and Rev. Henry Stewart and Mrs. Stewart lived happily in Gettysburg for many years.

### When Charity Is Offensive.

Charity is offensive in its publicity and its givings. It destroys the receiver's sensitiveness, then his usefulness, then his manhood. Persistence in receiving charity will create a nation of paupers. If the money now spent in charity could be expended in educating all, rich and poor, in the ethics of justice in the distribution of wealth, the seeming necessity for charity would disappear when these ethics were applied to the conduct of society.—Detroit Journal.

### Cultivate Good Manners.

From a wide experience, I believe this matter of manners to be one of the most earnest consideration, and a noted writer well expresses it thus: "Good manners in the household are like oil on complicated machinery—like cushions spread over rough and winding ways—but they are more important than anything else in their strong influence on character. The result of a refined early life shows itself in all that a man or woman becomes."—M. A. Moore.

## TAKEN FROM EXCHANGES

A Pennsylvania inventor's combination billiard and pool table that can be folded compactly is featured by a bed made of heavy rubber instead of slate. Maj. Charles Young of the United States army, to whom the Spingarn medal was recently awarded, is a full-blooded negro.

Steam railroads in this country burn \$35,000,000 tons of coal a year.

A large number of wood pulp factories in the north of Sweden have been forced to shut down on account of the exorbitant freight rates prevailing.

Ireland has 84,869 land holders having plots not exceeding an acre, 61,730 who hold more than one acre and not more than five acres; 153,299 under 15, and 138,058 not exceeding 20.

## DRESS FOR SUMMER

DECREE IS THAT SPORTS CLOTHES ARE TO RULE.

For the Majority of Women It Means an Increased Expenditure for the Wardrobe—Gay Colors to Be in Order.

In other days dressmakers did not smile when women insisted that they would wear informal clothes throughout the summer. This meant a number of white duck skirts made at home, shirtwaists aptly that were



Golf Coat and Skirt. Coat of Black Jersey and Black and Yellow Checked Skirt.

picked up here and there, one sweater that was bought for five dollars at a department store and one hat, if any, that did not represent much of an outlay in money.

But today the prophecy that sports clothes will rule for the next four months brings a look of ecstasy into the faces of all who sell woman's apparel, for along this path lie riches.

Sports clothes are de luxe this season. No woman will content herself with one such costume; she will buy as long as her money holds out. This is the reason for the smile that the dressmakers and the shopkeepers

wear. Each week is taxed to its utmost in turning out a dozen or more new suggestions, and for all such bait there is not only a nibble but a good-sized bite. Women who have indulged in one tailored suit for the spring, which they intended to make serve through the autumn, are buying four suits with much paraphernalia and many accessories to match.

The wearing of sports clothes keeps you in the atmosphere, say Newport and Bar Harbor, and the woman who has never even wielded a racket at the Casino in Newport or gone on a picnic to Jordan's pond in Bar Harbor, is, nevertheless, getting ready to adorn herself with flaunting awning skirts, tennis shoes, gay sweaters and colored stockings. All that she is asked to do is sit serenely in the sun shine in her plumage of a parrot note in the junglelike riot of colors.

Green and black checks are widely used for sports suits made of cloth, also for top coats. Women who play golf a good deal are making a run for a suit with a slightly rippling skirt and a short jacket, made of bright green and black checked homespun; there is also a two-inch belt of the sturdiest black grained leather with a silver harness buckle.

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### NOVELTY IN SCARF TRIMMING

Parisian Idea of Using Heads of Animals for the Purpose Has Been Generally Taken Up.

Animal head scarfs are among the novelties of the season. They have recently come over from Paris and promise to be much used by women needing a light wrap across the shoulders or on the head, while traveling. In making these scarfs animals' heads are cut from figured silk, cretonne, chintz or other material and sewed neatly by hand to a piece of georgette crepe, chiffon, coupe de chine or other soft silk, two yards long and twenty-seven inches wide, in groups. In some cases the animals' heads are outlined by pencil on a deeper shade of silk other than the scarf and basted to the scarf, then hemstitched by machine.

These scarfs are selling now in the novelty houses at from \$10 to \$20, but can be made by the ingenious woman for less than one-tenth of the store cost. One is well worth the trouble and very satisfactory when completed.

If one prefers the ends can be hemmed and then hemstitched, but the fringe makes a soft finish.

## HATS OF VARIED DESIGN

Milliners Incline to the Picturesque in the Shapes Put Forward for Fashion's Approval.

The newest dress hats incline to picturesque brims and a flat crown. They are, in fact, quite the antithesis of the directoire or mushroom shapes and are designed with a view to their proper completion of taffeta, satin or serge frocks. Reboux has used ostrich feathers to band a Gainsborough shape, and Talbot has also set the seal of approval on ostrich plumes by using the latter to emphasize the cavalier picturesqueness of models from that house.

Lisere, leghorn, tagal, crin lace and Milan are the straws favored. A curious combination is shown in a Milan sailor from Reboux which has the crown and upper brim made of gray worsted. The worsted is laid in strips without any attempt at a fancy design and there is a pompon of the same posed directly in front. There are other hats made of straw with an angora surface. Doubtless these will be very good for early spring.

Another strange contribution to the list is a hat made of blue taffeta combined with a braid made of cork in its natural color. The use of patent leather braided in basket weave is not new to this season, although it is a candidate for renewed favor. Then there are the confetti hats sent to America by Joanne Duc. Models of this sort are of medium sailor shape and have the crown liberally sprinkled with tiny disks of brilliant color in confetti suggestion.

### Be Sure Gloves Are Correct.

In no detail of dress is the knowledge of fine discrimination in sartorial things more evident than in the choice of gloves. Yet a surprising number of women, otherwise well-dressed, make mistakes in glove-wear. For instance, white glaze kid gloves are not correct in the morning, unless one is on the way to a luncheon or some other formal affair; yet how many women one meets on a morning's shopping expedition gloved in formal white? Fawn-colored or beige gloves are now more fashionable in Paris

than pure white for dressy wear, and the informal glove is of washable kid or heavy glaze kid in mannish style.

### NEW BASQUE GOWN



Basque gown of taffeta with lace and batiste yoke laced at the front with ribbons; three tier skirt. This is one of the latest of Paris' popular fashions.

## Wear Costumes Much Alike

French Fancy Is for Sisters to Dress in Marked That Have Quite Remarkable Resemblance.

In France it is often the custom for two sisters to dress alike, with some little personal differences in the style features. Two blue taffeta frocks are a very good example of this idea. Jet is used on one; on the other a gold tapestry braid. The frills are of malines on one, of fringed plaited taffeta on the other. In one the sleeves are of net; on the other lace.

Fringe and fringed out taffeta ruffles are noted in the trimmings of many dress edges. The large ruffled or plaited ruffles of taffeta or ribbon, which are used to outline afternoon and evening coats, have pique edges. They are never hemmed. Sometimes they are outlined with velvet ribbon of extremely narrow width, which helps keep their flare.

Narrow folds of cloth about half an inch wide are used like braid on

some imported frocks. One Bernard tailored suit of tan gabardine has two of these folds of the cloth placed touchings. These cover the six-inch hem top of the skirt edge. Six buttonholes are outlined by slightly narrow folds shaped something like the hook of a hook and eye.

### Unique Suit.

A unique coat suit of white serge seen recently at one of the winter resorts had a collar, revers, wide cuffs and a wide belt of black kid. The revers and cuffs were edged with hunter's green suede, and the belt was buttoned with green suede buttons through large buttonholes piped with the green.

### Twin Petticoats.

Quite new this season is the twin underskirt. This is made with a well-fitting yoke, from which two circular skirts are suspended.

## Home Town Helps

### FIRES AND TOWN PLANNING

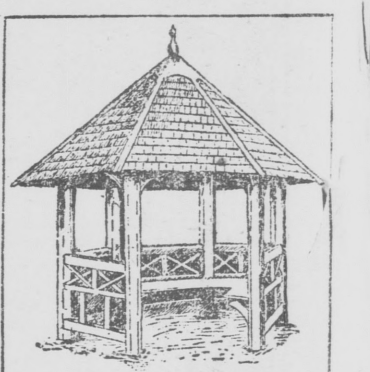
Many Instances May Be Cited Where a Little Foresight Would Have Saved Much Money.

Paris, Tex., which recently jumped into notice because fire destroyed the greater part of the town, is busy with plans for rebuilding according to a systematic town plan. A town planner has been imported, and when Paris rises from its ashes it will be a better built and more convenient town to get around in than it ever was before, if what is accomplished comes up to the expectation of the people.

The people of Paris show a remarkable spirit when they are able to survey their ruined town and still have mind and foresight left to think of town planning along modern lines; but the chances of success would have been better if the plan had been evolved before the fire, when Paris had more time for deliberation and a gradual upbuilding of public sentiment. When the village of Detroit was replanned, more than a century ago, after a fire that burned every building in the place, mistakes were made that plague the city to this day. San Francisco ignored its great opportunity a decade ago. If Chicago had had a town plan back in the 'seventies Chicago's present planning problems might not be half so formidable, and in this country of big fires any city may have its melancholy chance to make new street lines or lay out new parks over its ashes.

The remoteness of the chance that a conflagration will visit any city may seem to make this consideration but a weak argument for town planning, but it is not necessary to burn a whole town down to give the well-matured town plan a chance. In Cleveland not many years ago the burning of a single building gave the city an opportunity to make an extremely valuable street extension in the downtown district. If that particular extension had not been in the public mind for a long while the chance might have been overlooked and a heavy bill for a wrecked building would have been the result when the street was finally opened.—Chicago Herald.

### OPEN GARDEN HOUSE



The garden house illustrated here is complete and needs vines only for embellishment. A skeleton roof of rafters only, no sheeting or shingles, could be put up and covered with vines, making an arbor rather than a house. Seats may be built in or movable benches or chairs used.

### URGED CULTIVATION OF TREES

Henry Ward Beecher, Fifty Years Ago, Sought to Awaken New England to Its Possibilities.

Henry Ward Beecher in "Norwood," 50 years ago, said: "I have often marveled that, in a time of such taste and liberality, so little should be done with trees. New England might be a magnificent park, with but a slight expense, if only one dedicated himself to doing good through the love of beauty. Every good road, every by-road, connecting towns and villages, or neighborhoods, if concert was secured, might not only be judiciously planted, but, by a little study and care in the selection, all the fine trees might in time be employed until every county would become an arboretum. Such is the spirit of emulation that if a single town should perfect this work, other towns would catch the inspiration, and the work would go on with energy until all unclothed road would become a reproach."

Roses for Oregon School Yards. Many Oregon school yards that have been without flowers will blossom with roses in a year or two, and others that have not been altogether strangers to roses will have more of them. If 3,500 hardy little bushes that are to be sent out from the university gardens this spring manage to survive the trials of being transplanted. Each spring at pruning time thousands of rose slips cut from the bushes on the university campus are planted for distribution the following spring to high schools of the state, to public buildings, libraries, hospitals and other suitable institutions. From twelve to twenty bushes are sent in each package.

Importance of Clean Streets. In general health schemes, looking to the ultimate benefit of municipalities, the importance of clean streets is not being overlooked. Intelligent treatment of questions of this character is responsible, in large measure, for the dwindling death rates in big American cities.

Cleaning Up. Verily, he that cleaneth up his own house and premises is greater than he that talketh about running a city.—Chicago Herald.